STRANGE PLANE STARTLES PILOT

Air Line Flyer Tells of Fast Turning Craft Over Iowa

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 21.—(AP) —A veteran air line pilot tonight told of seeing a strange aircraft last night that did something **"you just can't do with airplanes of today."**

Larry W. Vinther of Kansas City, Mid-Continent Air Line pilot who has been flying seventeen years and has been with Mid-Continent seven years, said the incident occurred over Sioux City, Iowa.

He described the strange plane as about **"one and a half times the size of a B-29, with a long, slender fuselage, long straight wings set farther forward than a B-29's."**

DESCRIBES CRAFT.

"There were no engine mountings on the wings and I saw no exhaust glow," Vinther said. "The wings were straight, not swept back like on the B-47 and other jet bombers, and there were no jet pods visible."

Vinther said the craft was seen by his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, Kansas City, and one of the eleven passengers aboard.

"As I was getting tower clearance to take off from the Sioux City field at 8:26 o'clock," Vinther said, "the tower asked us to check on the strange light in the sky. We spotted the light and climbed in that direction."

FAST TURNABOUT.

Vinther said his DC-3 was doing 120 miles an hour and the other craft was going faster than that in the opposite direction.

"I had just turned my head from watching him go past our wing when there he was again, flying right beside us about 200 feet to our left, going in the same direction we were," he said.

Vinther said that's what mystified him because **"you just can't turn an airplane around that fast at that speed."**

The strange plane flew alongside about four seconds then eased off below the DC-3 **"and we lost him,"** the pilot said.

155 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. January 29, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully,
% Henry Holt & Co., Inc.,
257 Fourth Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Scully:

I always write to the authors of books I read. I find that in this way, by looking back, I retain much more; also, I imagine authors often wonder about their unknown readers. As time has passed, I have ceased to write polite letters, devoting myself to honest, personal reactions.

Within the past ten days I have sent a letter (nearly all praise) to Dr. Velikovsky. He is scholarly, logical, humble. In shifting over to Behind the Flying Saucers I find quite a different author. The name Scully sounded to me like Butch, Bill, Mulligan or Bing. Further, it sounded like a sports writer, a politician, a wrestler, a vaudevillian or perhaps an author who might write High Man on a Totem Pole. The preface revealed you to be a tense wit with axes to grind. My reaction was, who cares about his antipathies.

I was further disturbed by the very first sentence of the first chapter. Too bad Mr. Scully starts right out with an error. The second half of the 20th century began on January 1, 1951.

Most all of the information contained in the book is colored by anti-Pentagon sentiment which is not of great interest to the reader, at least not to the extent emphasized. I have never had any patience with whose scientists who feel suffocated by security restrictions. If they feel that way, better lock them out. Although you stated that you have no interest whatever in the reactions of the Pentagon to your book, it is obvious that you directed every chapter at them and not at the innocent public. I have become an innocent bystander watching the blue-white sparks emanating from your lines of force directed at Washington. I, the reader, have been forgotten; you didn't write the book for me.

Your stature as a writer grows very, very slowly as you proceed to write with the speed of light. The book was dashed off. Irony and sincerity often get confused. I'm not entirely certain that you approve Worlds in Collision. Perhaps a clue is in your statement, "Don't believe them. Believe me." You remind me somewhat of Westbrook Pegler whose only ehthusiasm, at least at one time, was Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Your only enthusiasm seems to be Dr. Gee and the 32 little Venusians.

Before reading your book I believed in flying saucers and, of course, still do. I braved the scorn of my friends by stating my belief at the time of the first ~~Oregon~~ Washington sighting. The reason for my belief was the apparent normality of the business man and the far-fetched, cynical, fantastic explanations of the "authorities." (Sunlight filtering through foliage produces circles of light; after images on the retina; reflected light from conventional planes; mass hysteria; hallucinations; weather balloons.) From the first this sounded like bunk to me. The authorities have stated that the sightings were made by "inexperienced observers." I am a layman who has never seen a saucer in the sky but I am an expert at seeing. Everyone, of any age, with normal eyesight, anywhere in the world at any time is an expert at discernment with the eye. Discounting the blind I would like to know who is an "inexperienced observer." Is there something esoteric about the ability to see a moving object in the sky? Most people

by now have even learned that a blue neon sign down the street is not further away than the red neon sign but, instead, a part of the same blue and red sign, red being an advancing color with long waves and blue a receding color.

There is tremendous excitement connected with these luminous saucers and the possibility that they come from outer space on magnetic lines of force. I have avidly read your book. The strange thing, however, is my ability to finish it calmly. We are schooled, evidently, more than we know, to await official confirmation. You, as author of a revelation, are as helpless in this psychological suspension of emotion as any reader. Although I believe in your flying saucers I find that my boundless excitement will not be released until President Truman officially states their existence. This is true even though I believe you know more about the subject than the President. The whole world is quiescent in the face of phenomenal, documented facts. This is phenomenal in itself. We must have an "authentic" statement and then presumably our emotions of awe will be unbridled. This dependence upon authority evidently has nothing to do with discipline under various ideologies; it is human nature. Nuts. It is conditioning

You see that I have no bones to pick with your saucers but before I become too friendly with you I have one more gripe. Since you have criticized others for grammatical errors, I began to jot down a few of yours, quit, then began again as follows:

Page 114, penultimate paragraph: "The best of our aerodynamicists . . ."
" 117, lines 11-12: ". . . the moon's gravitational pulls is . . ."
" 118, lines 25-26: ". . . atmosphere is liking moving . . ."
" 131, line 21: ". . . to a F-80 . . ."
" 172, line 9: ". . . instead of letting it . . ."
" 178, line 12: "Isn't more than one set of forces acting . . ."
" 183, lines 7-8: How can anything be both flat and cylindrical?
" 184, line 1: 150,000,000 people in U.S.A. do not state belief.
" 187, line 11: "If goes back . . ."
" 191, last line: "Santa Manica"
" 207, last item: Second sentence is impossible.
" 221, lines 3-4: ". . . as far he knew . . ."

This is very impolite of me but since I'm not your best friend I can tell you your slips are showing. People who live in glass . . .

You have at least one good trait and that is your disdain for the cliche, the outworn image ("The Lunar Fringe," "[something] of ire," etc.).

For a very short time I heard you interviewed by a disbeliever on the radio. I also heard Sterling North say, in an interview during which he discussed the books of 1950, that he didn't like frauds like Worlds in Collision and Behind the Flying Saucers. You are a whipping boy and I expect you have swallowed hard in rendering a service to the public by telling a part of what you know. Now, fortunately for us, you will almost be forced to tell more when you can. After a Presidential announcement you can sell copy at five dollars per word and Sterling North will state that for professional reasons he had to disclaim belief although he actually believed you all the time.

Why not get Mr. Abrams (who, I understand, deciphered the Japanese code) to ravel the Venusian writing? Get that Appleton boy to build a magnetic neutralizer for you and then bring down a saucer for yourself by remote control. Frisk your 16 little friends, introduce them to corn on the cob, watermellon and bourbon. Take them to see South Pacific. Get them to repair our fault zones, to demagnetize the Kremlin and then to take you and Dr. Velikovsky on a trip to Venus. Take movies and recordings there.

101 Bradford Street
Everett 49, Massachusetts
February 3, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Henry Holt & Company, Inc.
257 Fourth Avenue
New York, New York.

My dear Mr. Scully:

I read with great interest your contraversial book "Behind the Flying Saucers" soon after it appeared on the shelves at Jordan Marsh Company in Boston. The subject matter, tho somewhat fantastic, was fascinating because it might be possible. It would have been more interesting to me, and doubtless to other women, if you had answered the questions about clothes, etc. on page 182.

When I first encountered the word "tenescope" I assumed that it was a misspelling of "telescope", but when it appeared again I decided to look it up. It was not in my dictionary. Two Public Libraries that I consulted could not find the word in any of their scientific books or dictionaries, so assumed that you coined the word. Just what is a "tenescope"?

On page 109 you say, "Pluto is <u>nearest to the Sun</u>, and the others move <u>outward</u> in the <u>following</u> order: Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Earth, Venus and Mercury. What changes have been wrought during the past quarter century since my undergraduate days! Then the planet <u>Mercury</u> was <u>nearest to the Sun</u>, with Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and the newly discovered Pluto travelling orbits in ever greater distances from the Sun. See "The Elements of Descriptive Astronomy" by E. O. Tancock (OXford, the Clarendon Press 1919) second edition page 12.)

Doubtless someone else has already called this to your attention, yet you may be interested to know that your book is being read by people who are alert enuf to question your statements as well as to thrill at the possibilities of interplanatory travel, especially by people from other planets. Why not publish a sequel, or at least an addenda, in which you tell what became of the Saucers and their crews which were captured in the United States, as well as any information about them which has been learned from other countries? Doesn't last week's newspaper report that Swedish planes were pursuing a Flying Saucer imply that the latter was investigating atomic disturbances to magnetic fields, possibly in Russia?

Yours truly,

Edith W. Anderson

Mrs. K. R. Anderson

A few weeks ago Drew Pearson predicted authoritative revelations in the flying saucer field during 1951. Incidentally I seem to remember a couple of news items you did not record. One summer a woman sat in her yard and watched a small saucer hover nearby, almost touching the ground. The other item covered a statement by a professor (at Cornell?) who said too many people had seen too many flying saucers at too many times and places to disbelieve in them. That was very refreshing and hit the nail on the head for me.

I am an artist and designer and wonder if you are acquainted with dynamic symmetry as rediscovered in Greece by the American, Hambidge. His years of research were devoted to artistic ends. He wanted to find out why Greek art was so much more dynamic than Roman. You write of the system of nines, nine planets, nine waves, etc. but it seems to me that the mathematics of dynamic symmetry go far deeper into the ratios found in all living things (the human skeleton, trees, sunflowers, pine cones, fish, mammals, insects, etc., not to mention Greek sculpture and architecture.

You may know all about The Elements of Dynamic Symmetry by Hambidge but in case you don't, please let me ramble on for my own entertainment and possibly yours too. There are a number of dynamic ratios, which are best represented by rectangles. The most dynamic ratio in existence is represented by the "rectangle of the whirling squares." (see diagram) This rectangle measures 1 X 1.618. The reciprocal diagonal, drawn at right angles to the main diagonal, (in red) indicates an area which reciprocates the shape and ratio of the total rectangle. This occurs in any rectangle but only in the 1 X 1.618 rectangle is the remainder of the original rectangle a perfect square. This square is repeated in the reciprocal rectangle and in each succeeding reciprocal rectangle so that squares whirl around the crossing of the diagonals <u>ad infinitum</u>.

The summation series, 1 2 3 5 8 13 21 34 55 89 144 etc. is such that each number (except 1 and 2) is the sum of the two numbers preceding it. The relationship of these numbers is found by dividing any number into the number which follows it. The answer will be 1.618. The decimal fraction is more accurate in the area of the higher numbers. However, in the low numbers, 5 goes into 8, 1.6 times, which approaches 1.618.

Finding that five synodical years of Venus approximate eight years of 365 days, I was reminded of this summation series. The pre-comet year of 360 days divides into the Venus synodical year of 583.92 days, 1.622 times. Using some of your figures on page 109, I find that the earth's speed (18.5 per second) divides into that of Mercury (29.9 per second) 1.617- times, which is a near miss as far as 1.618 goes. On page 112 I divide the sidereal year of Venus (224.7 days) into 365.25 Earth days and come up with 1.625. On page 130 you give the height of the saucer cabin as 72 inches and divide this into 27 and 45 inches. We have the summation series, 27 45 72. This shows ratios of 1.666 and 1.60. If we carry this summation series as far as 189 : 306 we come up with 1. 619.

I have concerned myself only with the rectangle of the whirling squares but Hambidge delves into various other (only a few) dynamic ratios including the root rectangles 1 : 2 and 1 : 3. You mentioned gears of a 3 : 6 ratio which is a 1 : 2 ratio. The vertical and horizontal measurements of the cabin were 6 feet by 18 feet which is a 1 : 3 ratio.

Hambidge rediscovered what the early Greeks knew. Probably the Greeks learned their system from astronomical measurements and probably the Venusians have learned it from the same source.

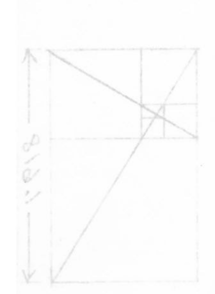
Thanks for writing the book. Very truly yours, Walter H. McKay

Walter H. McKay

(cover)

A few weeks ago Drew Pearson predicted authoritative revelations in the flying saucer field during 1951. Incidentally I seem to remember a couple of news items you did not record. One summer a woman sat in her yard and watched a small saucer hover nearby, almost touching the ground. The other item covered a statement by a professor (at Cornell?) who said too many people had seen too many flying saucers at too many times and places to disbelieve in them. That was very refreshing and hit the nail on the head for me.

I am an artist and designer and wonder if you are acquainted with dynamic symmetry as rediscovered in Greece by the American, Hambidge. His years of research were devoted to artistic ends. He wanted to find out why Greek art was so much more dynamic than Roman. You write of the system of nines, nine planets, nine waves, etc. but it seems to me that the mathematics of dynamic symmetry go far deeper into the ratios found in all living things (the human skeleton, trees, sunflowers, pine cones, fish, mammals, insects, etc., not to mention Greek sculpture and architecture.



You may know all about The Elements of Dynamic Symmetry by Hambidge but in case you don't, please let me ramble on for my own entertainment and possibly yours too. There are a number of dynamic ratios, which are best represented by rectangles. The most dynamic ratio in existence is represented by the "rectangle of the whirling squares." (see diagram) This rectangle measures 1 X 1.618. The reciprocal diagonal, drawn at right angles to the main diagonal, (inked) indicates an area which reciprocates the shape and ratio of the total rectangle. This occurs in any rectangle but only in the 1 X 1.618 rectangle is the remainder of the original rectangle a perfect square. This square is repeated in the reciprocal rectangle and in each succeeding reciprocal rectangle so that squares whirl around the crossing of the diagonals ad infinitum.

The summation series, 1 2 3 5 8 13 21 34 55 89 144 etc. is such that each number (except 1 and 2) is the sum of the two numbers preceding it. The relationship of these numbers is found by dividing any number into the number which follows it. The answer will be 1.618. The decimal fraction is more accurate in the area of the higher numbers. However, in the low numbers, 5 goes into 8, 1.6 times, which approaches 1.618.

Finding that five synodical years of Venus approximate eight years of 365 days, I was reminded of this summation series. The pre-comet year of 360 days divides into the Venus synodical year of 583.92 days 1.622 times. Using some of your figures on page 109, I find that the earth's speed (18.5 per second) divides into that of Mercury (29.9 per second) 1.617- times, which is a near miss as far as 1.618 goes. On page 112 I divide the sidereal year of Venus (224.7 days) into 365.25 earth days and come up with 1.625. On page 130 you give the height of the saucer cabin as 72 inches and divide this into 27 and 45 inches. We have the summation series, 27 45 72. This shows ratios of 1.666 and 1.60. If we carry this summation series as far as 189 : 306 we come up with 1.619.

I have concerned myself only with the rectangle of the whirling squares but Hambidge delves into various other (only a few) dynamic ratios including the root rectangles 1 : 2 and 1 : 3. You mention angles of a 3 : 6 ratio which is a 1 : 2 ratio. The vertical and horizontal measurements of the cabin were 6 feet by 18 feet which is a 1 : 3 ratio.

Hambidge rediscovered what the early Greeks knew. Probably the Greeks learned their system from astronomical measurements and probably the Venusians have learned it from the same source.

Thanks for writing the book.

Very truly yours,

Walter H. McKay

Walter H. McKay

In considering a sunflower or pine cone, if the whirls running in one direction number 21, those running in the other direction will number either 13 or 34, maintaining loyalty to the dynamic ratio of 1.618. If you are not acquainted with Hambidge, run - do not walk - to the nearest book or art material store. W.H.M.

P.S. The late Mr. Hambidge was a whipping boy like you I believe his widow, Mrs. Jay Hambidge, runs a shop in New York at 818 Madison Avenue where she sells gowns designed according to the tenets of dynamic symmetry.

(over)

FEB 7 1951

Mr. William J. Vincent
2 Main Street
Roslyn, New York

Dear Mr. Vincent:

Reference is made to your letter of 5 February 1951 concerning flying saucers.

The Air Force has at no time discontinued interest in reports such as those generally referred to as "Flying Saucers". Project "Saucer" as such was discontinued; however, investigation and evaluation have quietly continued within the broad and more comprehensive field of scientific and technical information. All unidentified object reports are being handled in the same manner as other scientific and technical information of interest to the United States Air Force.

A considerable amount of fiction has been produced concerning "Flying Saucers" and, as you well know, has been pointed more toward sales than fact. For example, "Little People" have been reported as manning some of these unidentified objects. Investigation, in each case, has proven these reports pure fiction.

We are inclosing, for your information, a copy of Memorandum to the Press, dated 4 April 1950. Our conclusions have not changed since that date.

Sincerely,

Signed

W. C. ROBINSON
Major, USAF
Executive
Directorate of Public Relations

Incl

Jefferson Valley, N. Y.
February 12, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Ave
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

Thank you for your acknowledgment of my letter about the book "Behind The Flying Saucers".

Enclosed is a short sketch of history which I thought you could possibly use.

Since the story was written my character "Mr. Fee" has returned from New Mexico to Boston and has communicated once with my daughter, stating that he had a new pair of ice skates, and would like to visit here and go skating with her, and in anticipation of his visit she dug deep into the attic closet and found her slightly used skates, but Mr. Fee did not show up at the appointed time, which was set for the past week end.

During the week end I heard my daughter mumbling something about how Mr. Fee could get into an accident and get killed and that she would have no way of ever learning anything about it.

I would not identify Mr. Fee to anyone because I would not imperil his position, whatever that is, and if coerced would declare the whole thing a fiction and let it go at that.

However, I can vouch for my daughter's honesty, but not for her immagination.

Yours truly,

Francis L. Kelsey

THE STORY BEHIND THE BOOK "BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS".

By Francis L. Kelsey.

The book "Behind the Flying Saucers" by Frank Scully has a sequel that is just as fantastic as any of the lines in the book, and either bears out his statements if they be true, or adds to the hoax, if hoax it is.

Last July my wife and daughter Joan and I were motoring from New York to Reno, Nevada, and were in the eastern part of Nevada on the last leg of the trip, in the desert, when we saw a car stopped at the roadside. As it was miles in either direction to any town or even any habitation, we stopped to see if there was any trouble and if we could help.

When I approached the stopped car on foot a young man about 27 crawled out from under it with an open end wrench in one hand and a screw driver in the other. He was dressed in well tailored slacks and a sport shirt, both of which as well as his face were besmudged with dust and muddy grease. I asked him if we could be of any help and he replied that he had found the trouble and would be able to correct it himself. I then offered him a bottle of orange ade, with which we were well supplied, and he accepted, and we all had some with him. While we were having the refreshments Joan and the young man were having quite a chat. I noticed that the back seat compartment of his car contained one suit case, and several black and brown rich leather cases, some with shoulder straps and some with substantial handles. The cases did not look like those carried by travelling salesmen, but rather more

like cases containing high class photographic or other technical equipment. There was also a very unique looking tripod in chromium, with elevation and angle adjustments.

None of this seemed important to me at the time.

After we got on our way again my daughter informed me that the young man, whom I shall now call Mr. Fee, had learned from her where she was going to stay in Reno, and had asked her permission to call upon her during her stay there. Here I might add that we knew where she was going to stay for I had sat in a lawyer's office in Ossining with her while he put a phone call through to Reno and made the arrangements.

I saw no more of Mr. Fee while out West as my wife and I stayed in a tourist cabin in the outskirts of the town for a two-week period, and then returned to our home in New York, leaving Joan there.

A couple of months later Joan returned to our home in New York and got a job in the city. It was then that she told me that Mr. Fee had called upon her several times in Reno, and that he had taken her on tours to various resort places in the vicinity. In all this I was but mildly interested until she mentioned quite casually that Mr. Fee had said he was formerly in Army Intelligence. This information was a little more than mildly interesting to me because I too had been in Army Intelligence

way back in those days when our only equipment was a pencil.

Another two months passed and Mr. Fee showed up in New York, and was invited to spend a couple of days and nights at our house. Again he was dressed only in slacks and sport shirt, and although the weather was getting quite snappy, he did not wear coat or tie. During his visit I learned that he was a very personable young fellow, and willing to talk briefly on almost any subject that came up. He never seemed to care to talk about himself, and if he did it was in A reserved, even restrained manner. He had driven here from Nevada, (or New Mexico) in his own car, and was on his way to Boston, on business. He had had more trouble with his car on the way across the country, and as before, had made his own repairs on the way with his own tools. He still had the very technical looking equipment in the back seat compartment, which I noticed he kept well locked at all times. At meals with us he discussed the possibility of war, its possible course and outcome. To my untrained mind he seemed to be exceptionally well informed on the subject from every angle, particularly any angle involving technical military equipment such as radar, airplanes and jets. I learned that he would travel to Boston in his car, and that he would later be required to make frequent long trips in the car in the line of duty, the nature of which I never exactly learned. Casually he passed the remark that he never travelled in any kind of public conveyance. This was easy to believe, as I do not either if I can avoid it.

Sometime later we received word from our friend in Boston that he would like to return here for a short visit. Of course such a pleasant and informed young gentleman was perfectly welcome. He came, and in his car, which was still loaded with the leather cases locked in the back. During his stay we discussed everything from the latest vitamins and sulfas to the intricate workings of hydramatic drives. The conversations certainly included flying saucers, and Mr. Fee did most of the talking, but as I was not extremely interested, I cannot remember to this day just what all he said.

But now a story was getting ready to break. During his discourse on flying saucers, my daughter was unusually quiet. I thought at the time that her reserve was due to lack of interest. I found out later that it was no such thing, but a determination not to betray a trust (at the time).

Sometime later Joan presented me with the book "Behind the Flying Saucers" by Frank Scully. I read the book twice before laying it down, and then wrote a letter to Mr. Scully, mentioning some of the possibilities which I suggested he might have overlooked. However, after studying the book for several days, I came to the conclusion that it was a hoax. Although very interesting reading, I could not swallow it hook, line and sinker without more substantial evidence than had been presented, and I think a large percentage of readers felt the same.

During our friend's second visit Joan invited him to return here for the Christmas Holidays and he accepted. So it was all set, but just as we were getting ready to start the decorations she received word from him that he would be unable to be with us as he had to return to New Mexico at once, but that he would be back here again in about two weeks.

At this time I suggested to Joan that I felt our friend had not only BEEN in Army Intelligence, but in my opinion, still was. She replied that she did not know but thought he might be a very high class accountant. I then commented that all F.B.I. Agents are lawyers or accountants, or have some other special training; that they are all versatile, and can shoot accurately from speeding cars, make repairs to cars under adverse conditions, contrive and install secret starters, instantly render criminal's cars inoperative, and perform various other tricks that would have interested Huidini.

Her eyes suddenly sparkling with enthusiasm, and her face twisted into a peculiar sort of cunning, she began slowly and hesitantly to unfold a story. It seemed to me that she was proud because I had been clever enough to get Mr. Fee on a line, and that she just had to tell the story to satiate the vanity of both of us. (I really was working).

Mr. Fee was still working on highly secret assignments!

Mr Scully did not get all the facts. The ship from outer space which the lecturer at Denver College had mentioned as

the "one that got away" had not gotten completely away, with all its cargo -- and passengers. The little men had landed and left the ship and set up an elaborate signal system, with which they planned to signal their home planet. Two of the little men were operating the signal set, and the rest of the crew had started back to the ship. Surprised by our field party, they had embarked and took flight, leaving the two little men behind.

The field force had found them after Mr. Scully's Mr. Gee had left the area, and had captured them with all the signal equipment, and taken them to a headquarters building for examination. The men are still alive and thriving.

Mr. Fee was not a field man, but spent his time in the building assisting in investigations after field men had produced the evidence. There were ten scientists on the staff. Each was a specialist in his work. The little men were shown a drawing of our Solar System, and asked by sign language if their home was among our planets. They denied this and illustrated that they came from another Solar System. Their radios could not be used over such a great distance, and were used only for communications from ship to ship when in flight. They did not use nor understand our nods and shakes of the head. Their eye expressions and facial movements served them for all ordinary conversations, while involved conversation required words, which they spoke much as we do, but almost in whispers, because they have very keen hearing.

They were astonishingly brilliant, and mastered our language in a few days, so that it became easy to exchange thoughts with them. Compared to them our own Einstein is a moron. They know the age of our Earth, and the age of the planet from whence they came. They have a full understanding of atomic energy, and used it more than ten thousand years ago, but discarded it for magnetic power, which they have mastered completely. Magnetic power, they said, is easy to harness and is inexhaustible. There never were any wars on their planet, there being but one people and no differences.

They were allowed to complete the signals to their planet, and were requested to invite other visitors from there to come and land at a designated secret spot. (Probably Nevada) Although brilliant, they seemed unable to understand government as we know it. It was learned from them that they could not approve a Communistic State, nor even our type of Democracy. Our investigators could not understand just how they live, but thought perhaps in some sort of Anarchy, which would be possible among a people with the character and disposition of those little men.

This story was told to my daughter Joan in confidence, and she was pledged not to repeat it, but she did, and I do, and I will repeat it again and again, true or false.

Francis L. Kelsey

Mrs. H. W. Spencer
1428 *Huntingdon Road*
Abington, Pa.

February 25, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Henry Holt & Co., Inc.
257 Fourth Avenue
New York 10

Dear Mr. Scully,

My husband and I have just finished reading your book "Behind the Flying Saucers" and we both liked it.

After seeing you on Vanity Fair with Dorothy Doan, I told my husband about your new book. He, of course, didn't believe a word I said. In self-defense I was compelled to buy your book to prove what I had related about your television interview. After one encounter with a salesgirl in John Wanamaker's store here in Phila. who said there was no such book, I began to wonder if I had heard correctly and also if I really had seen you on television or was it a figment of my imagination. Eventually after a long search, I found the book and I'm no longer a prospect for a state institution.

We are more convinced than ever now that there are flying saucers since the recent release of a communique by the government. In the article written in the Evening Bulletin

the government said that there were flying saucers but that they where huge 100 foot balloons which were used for forecasting weather and atmospheric pressure. Of course, it was njust a coincidence that the measurements happened (?) to be the exact size of the ships described by you in your book.

Yes, we firmly believe that there are flying saucers.

Yours truly,

Eleanor Spencer

P.S. We have a list of friends who are waiting to get their hands on your book and I know once it is out of our possession, we will never see it again.